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GOVERNOR Fuller, as we go to press, is writing his decision in the case of Sacco and Vanzetti. No more important state document has been penned in this country in years; it is hard to recall any act of a Governor of an American State which has had any such international effect as Governor Fuller's decision is bound to have. Millions upon millions the world over will have their opinion of the United States definitely formed by it. As it goes, so they will decide whether justice is dead in America, whether it can be as ruthlessly trampled under foot here as liberty has been in Italy, Spain, Hungary, Turkey, and all the other despotically governed countries, or whether it still lives. It is a decision which will as surely be heard around the world as was the shot at Concord. It is a pleasure to say that Governor Fuller has recognized its importance; that he has made as painstaking and careful an inquiry as anyone could possibly ask. He has gone to the scene and tested for himself the distance of the identifying witnesses from the place of the shooting. He has interviewed judge, jurors, and counsel, and has twice called upon Sacco and Vanzetti in jail. We have high hopes that he will see justice done, and if he does he will be acclaimed the world over as one of America's great men.

BITTER, INDEED, for Secretary Kellogg must be the confession he has just had to make to the House Foreign Affairs Committee that there has been gross mismanagement of the Foreign Service in the interest of diplomatic "career men" as against the men of the consular branch of the service who are entitled to promotion. One would think that a Secretary of State would know what was happening in his department without having to discover it because of a resolution of Congress. But in response to a resolution of inquiry, Mr. Kellogg finds that whereas there are 110 persons in the diplomatic service and 380 in the consular, actually 76 diplomats have been promoted since 1924 (70 per cent of those in the service), as against 138 consuls, approximately only 36 per cent of the consular appointees. More than that, these promotions were made by a personnel board of six members; four of these insiders have promoted themselves; three "career men," Joseph C. Grew, J. Wright Butler, and Hugh R. Wilson, have been sent as ambassador or minister to Turkey, Hungary, and Switzerland, respectively. William Dawson, the single consular representative, has been promoted from grade two to grade one.

MR. KELLOGG has to admit that this result of the promotion policy has been "different from that which had been expected," but he holds that there has been "unintentional injustice," as a result of which there are forty-four cases in which "officers of the diplomatic branch have been advanced over their consular colleagues." To rectify this he has ordered the immediate promotion of forty-four more men in the consular branch of the service, but this will hardly cure the situation. As we have before this pointed out, the diplomatic "career men" are trying to control the service, to get the best plums for themselves, and to prevent any outside appointments from civil life to high posts. This spirit cannot be met merely by balancing promotions in the two branches of the corps. It must be ruthlessly frowned upon by the President and Secretary of State, or the new permanent diplomatic service will be a curse to the country and create an unbearably bureaucratic and priggish group of representatives of the United States abroad.

WRITING in the *Atlantic Monthly*, Willis Sharp agrees that the current criticism of the supineness, cowardice, and loss of critical faculty of the daily press is correct. Fortunately there are some offsets; there are still examples in the smaller cities of old-fashioned journalistic courage and devotion to the public service, not yet rendered impossible by the economic destruction of the editor's liberty and independence. The other day in Canton, Ohio, a handsome new building to house the Canton *Daily News* was dedicated to the memory of Don R. Mellett, its editor, who paid with his life for his fearless attacks upon the criminals of Canton and their allies, the police of the city. About the same time the former chief of police of Canton was sentenced to death for his share in the cowardly assassination of Mr. Mellet, who deserves a public memorial as well as the private one now dedicated. And when we read every day of the fresh revelations of the wholesale political corruption in Indiana now being exposed by D. C. Stephenson, the Grand Dragon of the Indiana Ku Klux Klan, who is in jail for life, we cannot fail to recall that this exposure

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is due to two unpurchasable editors, Boyd Gurley of the Indianapolis *Times*, a Scripps-Howard daily, and Thomas L. Adams of the Vincennes *Commercial*. Mr. Adams started the fight; Mr. Gurley helped to carry it on. Both risked a good deal; both deserve medals of honor from their State; both merit the acclaim of all good journalists. Incidentally, with one Governor of Indiana in the penitentiary, these editors have been able to call upon the present Governor Jackson either to explain his connection with Stephenson or to resign. It will not be the fault of these editors if there is not a political uprising in Indiana.

FOUND GUILTY of Anti-Fascist propaganda in America, Mario Chiossone, deported from Boston at the request of Italian authorities, has just been sentenced to twelve years in prison. Cases like this amply justify the fears of another anti-Fascist, Armando Borghi, who still enjoys sanctuary in the United States, but who is scheduled for deportation. According to the American Civil Liberties Union, which is appealing to the Department of Labor on Borghi's behalf, he is an Italian citizen, an anti-Fascist editor who entered this country as a temporary visitor on November 9, 1926. He is held for deportation on charges that he remained in the United States beyond the four months allowed him and that he is an anarchist, here in violation of the immigration act. Borghi has stated that after consulting counsel, he believed his visa was good for one year. When he attempted to have his passport extended the Italian Consul at Boston took it away instead, stating that he was "not qualified to be an Italian citizen" because of his anti-Fascist views. He is a philosophical anarchist, opposed to violence. Borghi's house in Italy was burned by the Fascists; his son is not allowed to leave the country, held as hostage for his father's return. Deportation for Borghi may mean death—for the crime of lese majeste against the Most High Mussolini. Certainly it will mean a long prison sentence. There was a time when the United States offered asylum for political refugees, and their record in this country is a long and honorable one. The Civil Liberties Union (100 Fifth Avenue, New York City), in soliciting funds for Borghi's defense, is only attempting to uphold this time-honored custom.

JOAN OF ARC with a duenna is the decree of a Paris judge. A seventeen-year-old girl, cast for the part of Joan in the film, "The Marvelous Life of Joan of Arc," has been permitted to take the part, over the objections of her guardian, provided a governess be in constant attendance on her while she is acting the role. This is certainly rewriting history. As we recollect, Joan as a child cared for her flocks alone, except for the mysterious voices in the sky, went unaccompanied to the Governor of Vaucouleurs to beg him to take her to the Dauphin, and was so importunate that at last not alone but—Heavens!—in the company of six men-at-arms she went to the future king of France. Alone, except for an army of 5,000 men, she set out for Orleans; at the head of her troops she entered the city; and after the Dauphin had been crowned at Rheims—when Joan alone stood by his side—she stood alone at the stake and suffered the flames that consumed her. In all this dramatic story there is no mention of a duenna, a chaperon, a governess, a keeper. Joan at all times was surrounded by rough and doubtless unscrupulous soldiers. Yet the legend most emphatically has it that not a hair of her head was harmed—until the English burned her at the stake. She was protected at all times by the pure fire of passionate endeavor; which is one of the things that distinguishes Joan the Maid from the movie reproduction of her life.

NEW YORK CITY ought to pass on some of its pressing municipal problems to its suburban neighbor, Scarsdale. For the "city fathers" of Scarsdale have too little to do. They have so much of too little to do that they are occupying themselves with nonsense—and probably illegal nonsense at that. On the advice of a Mrs. Somebody-or-Other, a so-called "health expert," the village officers have passed an ordinance prohibiting the sale of "hot dogs" on the streets. The ordinance is, in fact, directed against a single individual who has been doing a thriving business in frankfurter rolls in front of the high school. No epidemic has swept away great numbers of the students in consequence; for all anybody knows the students' health may have been the better for their "hot dogs." But this is an age of fads, and a "health expert" has to interfere with public habits about once in so often to prove she is one. Fortunately the "hot dog" vendor has not been compliant. He has a State license as a peddler, and has appealed to the courts. We think he will win. If not, it seems likely that "city fathers" and village grandmothers from Dan to Danbury will shortly issue prohibitions ruling out of our diet anything and everything from pig's knuckles to milk toast

WHO IS THE LUCKIEST BOY in the world? We nominate David Putnam, and do not expect anybody to contradict us. Does David spend half his waking hours in the school room, laboriously poring over the map of Haiti or Greenland or Baffins Bay? Does he, with infinite tongue-twisting and soul-sweating, learn the "Products" of any of these countries or of half a dozen others? Not David. He wakes up early and interviews a pirate chief; he breakfasts on polar-bear sandwiches and a cup of bread-fruit juice; he spends the morning looking for buried treasure and the afternoon inspecting extinct salamanders. In between times when bright and strange sights pall a little, he may snatch a look at an arithmetic or composition book. But for geographies he has no use whatever. He goes to the distant places of the earth where geographies are being made. Just at present he is a member of the Putnam expedition to the Arctic, engaged in helping with the work of mapping Mill Island in Baffins Bay and conducting archeological inspections of interesting Eskimo ruins of one thousand years ago On July 30 members of the expedition, in the midst of a thick fog, killed and dragged to the ship an 800-pound polar bear which was subsequently skinned and the great skeleton was prepared for taking back home. David did not shoot the bear, but it is safe to assume that while the work on the carcass was going on he was not far away. That is his particular good fortune—to be in the center of adventures which other boys can only read about.

A PICTURESQUE FIGURE in the world of exploration science, art, and letters is removed in the death of Sir Harry Johnston. Thirty books stand to his credit; his paintings were frequently hung in the Royal Academy; he was the inventor of the slogan, "The Cape to Cairo," and the master of eleven modern languages, several ancient tongues, and various African dialects. For twenty years he explored in Africa or held positions in the British con

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sular service until ill-health compelled his retirement. During that time he crossed Angola with the Earl of Mayo's expedition into the unknown southern Congo basin; visited, in the next year, Stanley in the Congo; made the first thorough exploration of the "birth of the Nile"; helped to found the British Central Africa Protectorate; and made many important discoveries of African fauna and flora. From 1899 to 1901 he was Commander-in-Chief of the Uganda Protectorate. That would seem to record a full enough life for any one man, but in addition to his scientific labors and writing, he gave much time to biological research and music! As for his books, they by no means all bore on his African adventures. In 1910 he made a thoughtful and useful study of the American Negro—not as valuable as those of Sir Sydney, now Baron Olivier, but none the less worth while as the viewpoint of an extraordinarily well-informed foreign observer. By all odds his most interesting books were his novels, the first of which, "The Gay Dombeys," was an immediate success. Then came "Mrs. Warren's Daughter," a narrative continuation of Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession," and "The Veneerings"—all written after his sixtieth birthday. "The Gay Dombeys" were presented as descendants of the characters in "Nicholas Nickleby" and "Dombey and Son." It is a glowing and vivid picture of life in the last quarter of the nineteenth century and a most admirable protest against the ruthless imperialistic exploitation of backward peoples.

THE PROLIFIC AND POPULAR Italian novelist, Matilde Serao, died in Naples on July 15, after a writing career of half a century during which she produced thirty volumes (including twenty novels) and made herself one of the most influential of Italian journalists. Many of her novels, dealing for the most part with life in Rome and Naples, were translated into English, French, and other European languages, and though her great public was found among the middle classes, who were not repelled by her rapid, journalistic style, she won general recognition for her vivid, natural descriptions of life and character. As a journalist she introduced into Italy syndicated columns of "advice to correspondents" and in various ways made her name familiar to the Italian people.

WE STOP THE PRESS to record Mr. Coolidge's oddly worded refusal to run again. If it is final, it is a most praiseworthy and patriotic act thus to uphold the third term tradition, as to which we shall speak at length next week.

Lindbergh's Story

I was born in Detroit, Michigan, on February 4, 1902. My father was practicing law in Little Falls, Minnesota, at the time. When I was less than two months old my parents took me to their farm, on the western banks of the Mississippi River, two miles south of Little Falls.

THIS is the opening paragraph of Lindbergh's story.* It is typical of the rest—a plain, straightforward narrative with no effort at ornamentation or effect. The publishers say that—unlike most such books—Lindbergh wrote the entire account himself. There is no reason to doubt it. Had anybody else attempted the task he would have tried to make the story "vivid," "colorful," "dramatic," "picturesque." Lindbergh's is a plain tale plainly told, and though one might wish for some insight into the man's emotions and psychology, that is the last thing which Lindbergh could give us, and it is comforting that he didn't try to.

Lindbergh left the University of Wisconsin in the middle of his sophomore year to become a flying student of the Nebraska Aircraft Corporation. That was in 1922, when he was twenty years of age. His aeronautical education was mostly picked up as an assistant to other men, going about the country giving exhibitions at country fairs. Lindbergh bought his first plane the following spring when for $500 he picked up a "Jenny" from the Government that had cost nearly twenty times that to build. The next year he spent "barnstorming" on his own account, and then put in twelve months in the army aviation schools in Texas, from which he was graduated as a second lieutenant in the Air Service Reserve Corps.

Next Lindbergh went into the air-mail service, where he was just previous to setting out on his transatlantic flight. Of that flight his written account is brief and contains little not already known, although it corrects some versions of the exploit. It was not true, for instance, that Lindbergh took off with practically no food. He says:

> In addition to food for the actual flight, I carried five tins of concentrated army rations, each of which contained one day's food and which could be made to last much longer if necessary. I carried two canteens of water; one containing a quart for use during the actual flight and the other containing a gallon for emergency. In addition to this water, I had an Armbust cup, which is a device for condensing the moisture from human breath into drinking water. The cup is cloth covered and contains a series of baffle plates through which the breath is blown. The cup is immersed in water and then removed and blown through. The evaporation of the water on the outside cools the cup walls and baffle plates on which the breath moisture collects and runs down to the bottom of the cup.

Perhaps the most revealing pages of the book are a couple in which the resourcefulness and perseverance of the young man appear in his account of the trial trips of the Spirit of St. Louis previous to the transatlantic flight:

> I decided to run one more test before landing, and had it about half-way completed when I allowed the data board to come too close to the window where a gust of air carried it out of the cockpit. I was flying over mesquite, over five miles from Camp Kearney, at about 1,200-foot altitude at the time, and could only spiral around and watch the board flutter down into the top of a mesquite bush. There was a small clearing about 200 yards from the bush, in which it was possible to land a slow ship. I landed at Camp Kearney and sent for one of the cabin Hisso Standards used by the Ryan Airlines for their passenger service between San Diego and Los Angeles. When the Standard arrived I flew over and landed in the clearing near the lost board which was clearly visible from the air; but, after a fifteen minute search, I was unable to locate it from the ground in the thick mesquite. So I took off my coat and spread it over the top of another bush, then took the air again with the Standard to locate the board in relation to the coat.
>
> I had no difficulty in locating them both and found them to be about fifty yards apart. I landed again but could not locate the board, so moved my coat to the spot where I thought it should be and took off again. This time I had placed the coat within twenty feet of the data board, but it required several minutes' search in the thick mesquite to finally locate it.

* *"We."* By Charles A. Lindbergh. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

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Russian Oil—Lubricant and Irritant

BEFORE the Soviet nationalization act of 1918 Russian oil was a lubricant of high quality and eminent respectability. Today it finds itself playing the part of an international irritant, causing hot friction between the British-owned Royal Dutch-Shell group and portions of the Standard Oil group. And its character, alas, is tainted. Russian petroleum, according to Sir Henri Deterding, managing director of the Royal Dutch-Shell group, is "stolen property" and anyone purchasing it, as part of the Standard Oil is now successfully doing, is acting against "the interests of humanity and general trade honesty."

Yet despite this righteous crusade of Sir Henri, despite his appeal to the "ethics" of the oil trade, despite the supposed slump in the "moral" qualities of Soviet petroleum, it gushes forth unconcerned in greater and greater quantities each succeeding year. In 1926-1927 there were produced 10,461,000 metric tons, which is more than twice the 1922 production of 5,000,000 tons. Likewise Russian oil exports have shown a steady increase. In 1913 Russia exported 57,800,000 poods of oil; in 1925, 81,000,000 poods. England, strange to say, is Russia's best customer, taking 34,000,000 of the 81,000,000 poods. Even more interesting and incongruous is the fact that the Bolshevik Naphtha Syndicate now supplies oil for the navies of four capitalistic Powers: Great Britain, France, Italy, and Greece.

At present, it seems, the Standard Oil of New York and the Vacuum Oil are the favored agents for distribution. For this privilege the United States companies hold themselves ready to lend to the Soviet Government from $50,000,000 to $75,000,000. But what they get in return is even more important. Their contracts give them exclusive selling rights to Russian fuel oil to compete directly with Deterding's Anglo-Persian Oil Company from Trebizond to Port Said and Aden to Colombo. No wonder, therefore, that Sir Henri Deterding becomes agitated over morality and the "interests of humanity."

This Anglo-American rivalry for Russian oil is, of course, not new. And the story, as it shows the relationship between oil imperialism and the international policies of foreign offices, is most significant. To begin with it should be remembered that a major part of the "stolen property" belonged to the Royal Dutch before the Russian Revolution. Sir Henri was well on his way to being the "Napoleon of Petroleum," the sole master of the great oil wealth of the Caucasus, when the Soviet Government nationalized his holdings. Sir Henri's chief competitor at that time in Caucasian oil claims was the Standard Oil of New Jersey, through its interests in Nobel and Company which then controlled about 40 per cent of the production of Baku. In 1920 the Standard of New Jersey, hardly considering the Soviet Government seriously, purchased the Nobel holdings in Baku outright. Since this was two years after the nationalization act, the Standard's rights were never recognized by the Bolsheviks. W. C. Teagle, president of the Standard, has been much more sober in his attitude toward Soviet laws since then.

With their lands thus taken away, both the Standard Oil and the Royal Dutch brought pressure to bear on the State Department and Foreign Office in the United States and England respectively. This was particularly evident in the United States since the property of American organizations other than the Standard Oil was never nationalized. When Secretary Hughes, therefore, demanded denationalization of appropriated properties in Soviet Russia he could have been acting only for the Standard Oil, whose legal adviser he was before he entered the State Department. England, too, refused then to recognize Russia. Sir Henri Deterding, however, was not quite so harsh; he did not exactly adhere to the Standard's banner bearing the device "Hands off Red Oil." In June, 1922, the world suddenly learned that Sir Henri was on the verge of obtaining a monopoly concession on all Soviet oil lands. It took quick work to head off this sly trick. The State Department graciously loaned Ambassador Child to the Standard Oil at the Genoa Conference. Secretary Hughes, speaking for the Standard through Child, then said that the United States would never consent to any scheme unless it took account of the principle of the open door for all and recognized equal rights for all. The Belgian and French delegates rallied to the "open door" policy and Sir Henri lost his chance to get a monopoly hold on the Soviet lands. One month later at the Hague Conference the influence of the State Department was used to carry a resolution which prohibited any single nation from accepting a monopoly concession in the Soviet oil fields. Three times Secretary Hughes came to the Standard's aid and three times he was successful—but it is interesting to conjecture the number of marines it would have been necessary to use in the event that the other oil trusts had not been willing to agree to his proposals.

Since the Hague Conference, increased Russian efficiency and industry have made Baku petroleum more than ever appealing. Simply stated, Soviet oil is cheaper and more conveniently located with respect to European markets than any other oil supply. And the appeal has been growing stronger since 1922; each year finds another company head dealing in the besmirched oil. They are probably men of simple faith, incapable of weighing the subtle metaphysical distinctions between "stolen" and "honest" property—the lubricating qualities are so nearly alike. The French Minister of Marine has already declared that he does not sympathize with the attitude of the Royal Dutch; that future transactions will be continued in the previous style; that the only criterion will remain the lowest price. The Standard Oil of New Jersey, however, has as yet been unable to accept any of the liberal Russian concessions, although it did bid for the Emba field last year. It is, unfortunately, linked to the Royal Dutch by a cooperating price agreement—they both sell in the same European countries and by a price regulation avoid cutthroat competition. Sir Henri Deterding thus has a weapon to hold over the New Jersey company. The situation is not without an element of humor, with part of the Rockefeller companies supporting Sir Henri and part opposed to him. It reveals, Soviet officials say, a new usefulness of the divided trust—divided under our anti-trust laws.

This division and rancor among the capitalist oil companies naturally pleases Stalin and the Central Executive Committee in Moscow; they are for once holding the upper hand. If they can force a crisis, they will. With blundering diplomats representing the great oil interests, they may.

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The Disgrace at Geneva

IN one of his most self-satisfied moods President Woodrow Wilson, who was then leading the country to preparedness and into the war, declared that the trouble with the pacifists was that they did not know how to get what they wanted, whereas he and his school knew exactly what they wanted and just how they were going to get it. To that boast fate returned the answer in our loss of all our war objectives, save one, and the disaster of Versailles. He died broken and defeated. We recall this incident now because the collapse of the Geneva naval disarmament illustrates again how little the men who believe that national safety lies only in the sword know where they are going and how they are going to get peace. They boast that they are the practical men and the pacifists mere theorists. There were no pacifists at Geneva, just practical statesmen and practical naval men, and they have not only not disarmed, they have fanned anew the embers of international hostility and ill-will. The situation appears worse than when they met; they have even jeopardized a renewal of the battleship agreement when it expires in 1930. If the conference breaks up it will be with ill-will on our side; on the side of the English the charge is made that one of our admirals from the first primed the American correspondents with attacks upon the British. The New York *World* reports from Washington that there is no concealing the fact that official circles blame the Washington battleship lobby for part of the failure. In England Austen Chamberlain has officially stated that the British position was entirely misrepresented over here.

It would seem as if this fiasco—and it will be a fiasco even if some compromise is patched up—of the one independent and bold excursion into international affairs by President Coolidge ought finally to open the eyes of some of his adorers to the grave danger of having a pitifully weak and inept man in the Presidency. From the beginning his conduct of our foreign affairs has been futile to a degree. He insured the disaster at Geneva by the composition of the delegation he sent there. Having aroused Latin-America against us to a pitch of enmity never before known, he now makes us the laughing stock of Europe and has seriously endangered the relations of the two great English-speaking nations. We recognize the joint guilt of the jingo Conservative Government of England. But talk about good intentions and inefficiency! What could be worse? With as able an ambassador as Mr. Houghton in London, Mr. Coolidge could certainly have discovered in advance the exact prospects of success for such a conference.

All of which brings us back to Ambassador Houghton's admirable plea at the Harvard commencement for a hundred-year peace pact between ourselves and the three leading nations of Europe. If there could be a Locarno between England, France, Belgium, and Germany why not one between the United States, England, and France, to say nothing of Germany? What has become of our hundred per cent patriot warriors of ten years ago? They were then for arresting any one who dared to criticize our British ally. Now they are with the admirals for a new armament rivalry with that same beloved ally! As we write the Navy Department announces the award of contracts for five more cruisers. They can only be used in a real war against France, England, or Japan—our allies of 1917-18, those who helped us to make the world so safe for democracy!

The Vanishing American Daily

THE number of daily newspapers of general circulation published in this country in the English language continues to decrease at a remarkable rate. In Pittsburgh the number of dailies has just been reduced from five to three—only one morning daily remaining for a city of 637,000 people. Writing in the *Editor and Publisher*, Arthur Robb notes the fact that in the first six months of this year the number has decreased from 2,001 to 1,952, the largest decrease for six months recorded by that journal in the nine years in which it has been watching this striking new development in the American press. Of the forty-nine dailies that have disappeared six were morning and forty-three evening newspapers; in addition, fourteen Sunday newspapers have come to their end. Mr. Robb points out that fewer than a dozen of these suspensions were due to failure; the rest were entirely the product of that trend toward consolidation which, in our judgment, has only just begun to make itself felt.

The modern publisher of a daily is caught in a vicious circle. He must meet steadily rising costs, which means winning more readers in order to gain more advertising and to raise his rates on what he gets. Soon he finds that his territory cannot, or will not, supply sufficient advertising to support richly all the dailies within it, so he sells to a rival sheet or buys it. Where this does not take place we see an effort to meet the situation by the creation of chains of newspapers for the familiar purpose of cutting down the overhead. A most striking example of this has just been afforded by the purchase of the Atlanta *Constitution* by ex-Senator Luke Lea of Tennessee, who owns three other newspapers.

Another interesting fact brought out by Mr. Robb is that the evening newspapers of the country had on March 31, last, a combined circulation of 23,422,792 copies a day, a gain of 1,660,817 over the figures for October 1, 1926, as contrasted with a combined morning-daily circulation of 13,607,486 copies. The morning journals gained only 271,690 copies in the same period. When one considers the rise of the tabloid it would appear that there had been a loss of circulation by the old-line daily morning newspapers during this time. Turning to advertising, Mr. Robb finds that the average rate charged by the evening newspapers has not increased but decreased. In this respect the morning papers are ahead of their evening rivals, for they show an average rise in advertising rate during the last six months of ten cents per million agate lines.

It is impossible to believe that this rate of decrease of the dailies is anything else than exceptional. If there were to be 100 disappearances during the present year, the situation would be alarming. But we cannot today believe that the daily newspapers of the country are going to be wiped out in twenty years. It is altogether probable also that if there should be many disappearances new dailies would be started, only to be confronted, however, with those same economic tendencies which are bringing about the present consolidations and suspensions. None the less, Mr. Robb's figures are of great importance, for they foreshadow greater and greater concentration of the news-disseminating power in the hands of fewer and fewer and richer and richer men—not a pleasant fact for a democracy to contemplate.

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The Viennese Shambles

By G. E. R. GEDYE

Vienna, July 18

THE Ringstrasse in Vienna is always a temptation. No city in the world but Vienna has the *Bummel*—beside the true *Bummeler* the *flâneur* is perpetual motion itself—and the Ringstrasse calls aloud to idlers to idle. Never more so, of course, than in summer, when the shady trees become a standing menace to industry. On July 15—Bloody Friday—I listened to my hurt to the call of the Ringstrasse, not for the first time.

On this day the street had a different call for a few hundred thousand people. The night before, three nationalists from the Burgenland, which is still suspected of pro-Hungarian tendencies, had been found guiltless of all crime though they had fired on a procession of workers after provocation, but not in self-defense, and killed a war invalid and a little boy. The Socialist papers had for days been opening their mouths as loudly as is the custom with all Vienna papers, crying out that "class justice" was about to be administered. The verdict confirmed its jeremiads and spontaneously the workers left the factories as soon as they entered them to indulge in what is more or less the recognized way in Vienna of showing the workers' displeasure— a "solemn Protest" *Bummel* on the Ringstrasse ending up with a march round the (temporarily deserted) Parliament House and prolonged "boos" for the *reaktionäre* Government. That explains why I found my morning *Bummel* last Friday disturbed by solemn-faced, pathetically earnest workers. How to explain why, within half an hour, bullets were whistling between the trees, showers of stones rattling on the macadam and, before sundown, hundreds of human beings with ghastly, torn bodies crowding the hospitals till new arrivals were turned away, is far harder.

Certainly sonorous Viennese cries of "Pfui" rang through the air for over half an hour while imperturbable policemen took it as part of their lot to be screeched at by pretty factory girls and haggard-faced workmen because one more Viennese jury had helped to earn Vienna the title of "the murderer's paradise" by declaring killing no crime. Certainly a squad of mounted police—always the red rag to an angry but non-violent mob—rode through the marching men and women with their sabers drawn without any obvious necessity, giving rise to the frenzied cry, "They're riding us down," and shortly afterwards to a shower of brickbats. These things I saw. But, in a side street close by, a shot had already fallen—the police say from a communist revolver, the Socialists declare from a nervous policeman—and wilder cries of "the police are shooting down the workers" had arisen. I walked towards the place where the shot had come from, and found myself in a different milieu—among an army of typical Continental roughs, all with huge stones, heavy sticks, and pieces of planking in their hands, screaming "Revenge! Revenge! They're killing the comrades." Among them all the time were working men of the best type, and young girls rather enjoying the excitement. Then simultaneously began the ridiculously childish pop of police pistols, the hum of stones flying to greet them, and the battle had begun. The rest of the story everyone knows—the burning of the Palace of Justice and the newspaper offices, the issue of carbines to the police and the afternoon of fearful volleys, the night of sniping, the motor cars filled with shooting police, and the outlying battles of next day.

There are a few things upon which everyone is agreed. The violence was the last thing which the Austrian Social Democratic Party—the best organized, best disciplined, and incomparably the best led labor party of the world—desired. Its foremost leaders and its rank and file, at the continued risk of their lives, tried to stop the holocaust, in vain. Yet no one who regularly reads the bitter articles of the Left Press of Vienna (countered, it is true, by the equally savage and senseless articles of the Right) can acquit them of creating an atmosphere in which the workers were obliged to suspect the real aim of the authorities to be treachery and violence, the crushing of workers, and the destruction of their hardly won freedom. I have never seen any police in the world except the British deal as a general thing so tactfully with crowds and demonstrations as those of Vienna—but there is a widespread feeling that there was some error of tact and tactics in the employment, quite foreign to the Vienna practice, of mounted police at the start. Even distinctly anti-Socialist papers have expressed criticism. Given the Continental custom of meeting mob violence with pistol shots, there is little to be said in criticism of the pistol shooting. Nor, considering the terrible incendiarism, can objection well be raised—again, given Continental standards—to the issue of rifles at midday. There does seem to be some ground for taking seriously the vehement Socialist accusations of unnecessary and savagely revengeful employment of these carbines by men whose blood was up, and of the accusation that soft-nosed, partially uncased bullets intended only for target practice—quantities of which I have seen at Social Democratic headquarters—were employed by the police. All these matters will have to be dealt with by an inquiry before anything approaching judgment may be pronounced by a layman. There are also allegations that one or two individuals of the "Republican Protection Guard"—the *Republikanische Schutzwehr*—made use of arms which they are not supposed to possess.

Without implying any accusation for which there would be, in fact, no sort of basis, it can be said that neither of the sworn enemies of the Social Democrats—the Communists and the Fascists—could have wished for anything better than what has occurred. The work of men like Fritz Adler, Otto Bauer, Seitz the Mayor, and all the giants of the Second International, whose fortress and spiritual home, in an alien, steadily more reactionary Europe, is Vienna, is threatened with ruin and is bound to have been seriously impaired. The Austrian Socialist Party is doctrinaire—the gospel according to Karl Marx is still an article of faith—and its very strength sometimes leads it to adopt a dictatorial tone in *ex cathedra* pronouncements. Yet in its essence it is democratic—a strange, new, raw democracy it looks to Americans and Englishmen. The days of proscription are still too recent, the victory too hardly won, perhaps, for much tolerance to be exhibited. Yet surely a little less personal abuse, a shade of something approaching dignity

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in political controversy might be attempted in this city of so old and so rich a culture. If the Social Democrats could dare to take the lead in maturing the palate of their followers, they would render an enormous service to the wonderful city to which they are devoted.

Austrian Social Democracy is threatened with many dangers always. It has been struck by one which it never foresaw, though it might well have done so. If one of the few remaining centers of resistance to reaction and dictatorship under the leadership of a party whose permanent municipal majority has enabled it to establish in Vienna social institutions which are a model to the world, should be dangerously weakened as the result of this disaster of a July morning, the immediate advantage will be reaped by the Communists—who are of less importance in Austria than anywhere in Central Europe—and the ultimate by reaction. The Party is going to survive the blow, but with a serious loss of prestige.

More Chinese Atrocities!

By J. G. SAYRE

[*Within recent months the world has heard much of Chinese atrocities—aggressions upon American lives and property by orientals. But attacks have not always been by Chinese upon Americans. Americans have attacked Chinese. The article below is a review of that side of the story.*]

FROM the Shasta [California] *Republican* of December 18, 1856:

> Hundreds of Chinamen have been slaughtered in cold blood in the last five years by the desperadoes that infest our State. The murder of Chinamen was almost of daily occurrence; yet in all this time we have heard of but two or three cases where guilty parties were brought to justice and punishd according to law. *Many persons have avowed themselves opposed to the execution of white men for the murder of Chinamen.*

California in the seventies made a record for herself in handling the Chinese problem. In Los Angeles on October 24, 1871, a police officer was shot when interfering in a quarrel between two Chinese. A hundred armed whites laid siege to the Chinese quarter, hanged fifteen Chinese, and killed two more for good measure. The sheriff and civil authorities gave up trying to restrain the mob. On February 6, 1872, thirty-two whites were indicted for murder in this affair. Two days later one man was found guilty of manslaughter and the rest were acquitted. Four days after the riot of October 24 a mob broke into the Chinese warehouses, ripped open bales, and beat up all the Chinese in the vicinity. A newspaper account said: "The floors were strewn with sugar, rice, and refuse, and sprinkled with gore." Damages were estimated at $10,000 to $12,000. There were no arrests.

There were anti-Chinese riots for the next three years in Los Angeles. On May 28, 1873, two sportive citizens, Brannen and Manning, murdered a Chinese, Ah Tuck. Newspaper accounts said that the murder was committed without motive. Brannen was pronounced insane. On July 9, 1873, a rancher near Los Angeles missed $400 and tried to get a confession of theft from his Chinese servant by beating him and hanging him to a tree several times until he was nearly choked to death. The Chinese was stubborn and the rancher dragged him to a police station. When the magistrate heard the facts he was immediately convinced of the innocence of the Chinese and fined the rancher $20 for assault. On the 21st of August, 1873, a gang of boys stoned a Chinese who was working in a garden. This seemed too tame, so one of the boys shot and killed him. The boy received two years in prison. On December 13, 1874, an Italian who had murdered a Chinese was given seven years and recommended to mercy.

The San Francisco *Bulletin* on September 29, 1876, said: "We ask why it is that these people (the Chinese) are beaten and maltreated at high noon on our streets and 'no arrests' invariably recorded." Eleven outrages committed between 1873 and 1876, at which no arrests were made, are cited. From 1877 to 1879 in San Francisco the Sand Lot orator, Denis Kearney, roared his slogan "The Chinese must go!" and incited mobs to murder and destruction.

On September 2, 1885, occurred the most horrible and bloody outrage in the disgraceful history of all our dealings with the oriental in our midst. At Rock Springs, Wyoming, twenty-eight Chinese were murdered, fifteen wounded, and several hundred driven from their homes. Property valued at $150,000 was destroyed or appropriated. The report of Francis E. Warren, Governor of the State at that time, is contained in U. S. Documents, series No. 2379, p. 1227:

> Nearly a score of dead bodies of Chinamen (or the dismembered parts of bodies enough to make up that number) had been picked up where shot on the plains, or had been exhumed from the ashes and from the earth that had fallen in from the dirt roofs, where they had been roasted to death in their own homes; and the opinion prevailed that fully as many more were as yet under the ruins. Not a living Chinese, man, woman, or child, was left in the town where 700 to 900 had lived the day before, and not a single house, shanty, or structure that had ever been inhabited by a Chinaman was left unburned. The smell of burning human flesh was sickening and almost unendurable and was plainly discernible for more than a mile along the railroad both east and west. A small number only of Chinese had received a few moments' notice in which to leave town, but the larger number had none whatever and no time to pack up or secure their household effects and clothing, nor, in fact, their money. A great number were attacked at the mouths of the several mines as they came out—half-naked as coal miners sometimes work—and they were obliged to run for their lives into the sand hills surrounding the town, some being killed as they ran. The Chinese quarters and their persons had been robbed during and subsequent to the trouble.

The sheriff arrived in the evening and could not raise a posse to preserve law and order. The rioting began because Chinese working in the mines had refused to join the white miners on strike.

The rioting in Rock Springs had been done in broad daylight. The coroner testified to the coroner's jury a few days later: "Eleven persons, unknown, have been burned

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to death and five persons, unknown, have been shot by persons unknown." Several arrests were made. Bail was fixed at $500. The coroner and the justice were the same person. There were no convictions.

Only the arrival of the militia on the morning of September 5 prevented a similar massacre in Evanston, Wyoming. A threat of punishment to all Chinese who remained in Cheyenne after October 1 was made by workmen on September 26. Anti-Chinese demonstrations were held in nearly every town in Wyoming during September.

On September 7, 1885, at Squak Valley, Washington, a camp of thirty-seven Chinese hop-pickers was attacked by five whites and three Indians. Three Chinese were killed and three wounded; the rest fled. The perpetrators of this act were tried and convicted. Four days later at the Coal Creek mines, not far away, one Chinese was choked to death and the clothes of forty-nine were burned. On September 9 the Black Diamond miners drove out the Chinese miners from their midst, injuring nine. The arrival of Federal troops prevented similar outbreaks in Seattle on November 4.

Meanwhile anti-Chinese agitation in Tacoma, more organized than elsewhere, was inflaming the white population. The papers printed hot editorials; numerous public meetings were held at which speeches were made inciting people to violence; bitter resolutions were passed. The Chinese population intimidated by the reports of attacks in other places dwindled in a few days from 700 to about 250. On November 3 the goods of these people were thrown onto wagons and they were driven out of the city to the prairie at Lake View. The day was cold and rainy. Several were sick and two died of exposure. The next day they were loaded into box cars and shipped to Portland. On November 6 Chinatown in Tacoma was burned. The U. S. Marshal arrested the mayor of Tacoma and twenty-six others on charges of conspiring to insurrection and riot; depriving Chinese subjects of equal protection under the law; and destroying property. These men were never tried.

At Orofino, Idaho, in September, 1885, a merchant of Pierce City was murdered under mysterious circumstances. To procure a confession a Chinese was hung by the neck until he confessed facts implicating five. On the way to the trial they were attacked by a mob, disguised as Nez Perces Indians, and were surrendered by the sheriff and deputies. One Chinese offered $5,000 to the daughter of the dead man and $10,000 to the mob to be let off; but all were lynched.

On August 6, 1886, an outrage was perpetrated against Chinese on Douglas Island in the vicinity of Juneau, Alaska. Nearly a hundred were attacked by a body of armed ruffians and ordered to leave. When they refused they were driven to the seashore, put on a small schooner, and set adrift. They landed on a barren coast, but were rescued and returned to their places of employment. Their lives were threatened. Neither the United States authorities nor their employers could furnish sufficient protection, so they were forced to leave once more. Losses in money and property were placed at $13,762.65.

At Log Cabin Bar, Oregon, in the latter part of May, 1887, a camp of Chinese miners on Snake River was attacked. There was direct proof of the murder of two and indirect proof of the murder of several others. The camp was robbed and between $5,000 and $10,000 worth of gold dust stolen. Indictments were found against six men. They were never tried.

In 1887, after over thirty years of outrage against the Chinese people in our country, the United States paid the Chinese Government $276,619.75 indemnity. The greater part of the persecution of the Chinese has never been recorded. The examples given here are of course only the outstanding ones. Between 1872 and 1886 in nine outrages in which sixty-two Chinese were killed, three persons were found guilty of manslaughter; one was declared insane; and in five cases no one was ever brought to trial. In these cases alone there was almost $200,000 worth of damages. The Chinese Government, which during all this time had often made reparation to the United States for injuries suffered by American citizens in China, was truly patient to endure the persecution of its subjects so long, and in the end to accept a mere $276,619.75 for full indemnity. But we won't wait till they finish their civil war to exact our dues. It all depends on whose ox does the goring.

The Unfamiliar House

By JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

To an unfamiliar house once more these feet have wandered,
That set forth on the road so many years gone by.
And once again as stranger have I pondered
On the serene blue depths of an unfamiliar sky.
Here where a dead youth passed, unspent yet shattered,
I walk my roads neglected once again,
And whether that strange past or the nearer past much mattered
I do not know. Here I am loosed from pain.

Between me and the boy that held forlornly to his vision
Now stands a lofty shining unsurmountable wall;
I stare at it in vain—neither sympathy nor derision
Alters its mass at all.
The oak-trees stand as they have stood, unchanging,
The dumb stretch of the dusky sun-browned earth
Still breathes in brooding harmony with all my hopes, far ranging,
As on that ever-vanished day when time first brought me birth.

And people come. They still have kept their places
In which they stood a dozen years ago;
But when I grasp their hands and stare into their faces
They seem more strange than once of old; I know
That time and the years sift wrinkles: now I wonder
What lasts between us, changing day on day.
Once and for all my fate was this, to live though torn asunder
From all I might have shared—there is no other way.

And when I pass, from a dark hearthstone going,
Blue in the rosy dusk the hickory-smoke will glide:
But I will be borne from it on the flowing
Drift of a darker tide.
No more than smoke can I blur still these blue skies' changless splendor,
No more than a faint blue cloud of smoke within these hearts I last.
The mirror fronts me, frozen, cold, untender.
There are no ghosts left now; the past is but the past.

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Had Darrow Been a Journalist

By ONE WHO IS

The author of this article is the editorial head of a newspaper generally regarded as among the ten or a dozen most important in the United States.

SOME weeks ago *The Nation* published a sketch of the intellectual development of Clarence Darrow [April 20]. While the enthusiasm of the writer left me somewhat cold, for many of Mr. Darrow's present-day preoccupations either repel or do not interest me, I was impressed by the distinguished lawyer's successful demonstration of his intent to be "captain of his soul"—if he admits the existence of a soul, which is perhaps doubtful. At any rate he has a very acute mind which he has successfully held free from domination, economic or otherwise, by any other force than his own convictions. Speaking of the moment when Darrow turned from the easy and profitable practice of corporation law to defend Eugene V. Debs after the Pullman strike, the author of the article said: "With one stroke he cut himself off from all hope of a conventional success at the bar and threw himself into the task of defending Debs."

True enough. The greater rewards of the law have been denied Darrow, as he undoubtedly foresaw when he took his stand. Not for him have been the private cars of railroad solicitors or the spacious offices and innumerable associate counsel of the legal advisers to powerful corporations. We read of no such firm names as "Darrow, Darrow, Plumb, Hays and Darrow." Yet he has pursued his chosen pathway without being overtaken by destitution, poverty, or disgrace. At least the courts are open to him. No judge has refused to recognize his appearance as an attorney on the plea that the views held by him were out of harmony with those of the great majority of the members of the bar. His pleadings in court are not suppressed with the curt objection: "We can't afford to have a fellow of Darrow's views appear on this court record." Because an attorney is an officer of the court it has not yet been suggested that his personal and professional opinions must coincide with those of the bench on pain of being stricken from the rolls. He has never been subjected to the ignominy of having to repudiate his innermost convictions at the behest of some board of directors or to sacrifice his livelihood. If blacklisted by the corporations, as he doubtless is, he is still able to find clients among the common people. And the courts in which he earns his daily bread are open as freely to him as, let us say, to Elihu Root, his most perfect antithesis.

But suppose Darrow had been a journalist?

He says himself that he embarked on the profession of the law without any particular ideals. He saw in it mainly an easy way for one with a talent for controversy to earn a living. Idealism was awakened in him later, when he saw justice thwarted and prejudice enthroned by the subservience of the bar to the dominance of wealth and privilege. Debs, left defenseless in the city which had just hanged the anarchists and ostracized their counsel, appealed to his sense of fair play. His former easy conception of the real ethics of the law was shattered. He accepted the duty which fate placed before him, and has never been known to bewail the effect that decision had upon his later career.

Had he been a journalist he would not have long bewailed the results of his righteous decision for the very simple reason that either he would have reversed it or starved. For a quarter of a century after the Debs strike there were in Chicago newspaper men to whom all hope of advancement had been denied because they had defended Debs in their newspapers as Darrow did in the courts. At that time there were four or five morning papers in the city. Today there are but two. The gag can be, and is, applied even more effectively today to the young writer who thinks that he will find in journalism the opportunity to express the convictions within him and to defend the causes which he believes to be just. Woe unto him if the convictions clash with those of Main Street or the causes are looked upon as revolutionary by Rotary or the Union League Club!

For some years past American newspapers have periodically expressed earnest devotion to the cause of academic freedom in our colleges. Educators like Dr. Meiklejohn who came under the ban of boards of trustees or subservient faculties are sure of a sympathetic hearing and a large measure of defense in the press. But the very papers that uphold the right to freedom of expression in the colleges discourage and even suppress it among members of their editorial staffs. They not only refuse to the writer, be he editor or reporter, the privilege of expressing his views in their columns. That is entirely within the proprietor's rights, for he can no more be expected to maintain a newspaper for the expression of other people's opinions than the Mayo brothers should be expected to supply their patients with Christian Science tracts. But today the public expression—outside his office or the columns of his paper—of opinions antagonistic to those which the average newspaper editor holds to be safe and sane seriously affects the prospects of the newspaper man unfortunate enough to have convictions and rash enough to express them.

I know, for example, a young man, at the very beginning of a career which I am confident will be brilliant, though not in daily journalism, who is under a serious cloud because he made a first-hand study of conditions in Russia and reported truthfully what he had seen. In no sense a partisan of the Soviet Government, and without a particle of sympathy for communism in theory or in practice as exemplified in Russia, he was at once termed "bolshevist" and timid editors closed their columns to him. The nation-saving societies, whose secretaries see red whenever Russia is named, have him on their lists, and it is easy to foresee a closed market for his literary wares unless he shall go through a painful purgatory of recantation. In the editorial sanctums of the organs of prosperity he is about as welcome as one who should bring a defense of Sacco and Vanzetti to the Boston *Transcript*.

Some weekly papers, notably *The Nation*, offer a medium of expression to many of these to whom the columns of the dailies are closed. But I wonder whether either their editors or their contributors know to how great an extent those who write for their columns are suspect in the daily sanctums? I have personally heard the suggestion that a well-known writer should undertake a series for which he

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is admirably equipped put aside because he was publicly associated with the *New Republic*. And the pity of it was that the editor who professed the objection is himself no narrow reactionary. He merely recognized the attitude of those to whom he was responsible. Perhaps they had never clearly defined that attitude. All the worse. For in such event the timorous editor—and most of us are that—goes further in the direction of conservatism even than he need. If his employers disapprove of red he will take no chances on even the palest pink.

The youth who is planning to adopt daily journalism for his life's work should do so only with a clear understanding that the chances are strongly against his ever being able to use his calling as a means of impressing his own convictions on even a small section of public opinion. If he shall come to own his own paper he can do so to his heart's content—provided the responsibilities and profits of proprietorship do not incline him to adopt the views of the business community as his own. Or he may be fortunate enough to secure a connection with a newspaper the policies of which accord with his own opinions—against this the chances are as infinity to one unless his own opinions are those of Babbitt. The prudent course, measured by worldly standards, is for him to accept at the outset the fact that he accepts employment—as a lawyer accepts a retainer—to defend not his own views but those of his employers, however repugnant the latter may be to him. But more. On issues not pertinent to his client's case the lawyer usually may speak or write as he will. The editor of a Republican paper who should make speeches for a Democratic candidate, or even serve inconspicuously on a campaign committee of that pernicious party, would speedily find his editorial chair untenable. There have been exceptions. I recall that at one time a New York paper was supporting Van Wyck for Mayor, but its chief editorial writer was given a leave of absence to conduct the opposition campaign of Henry George. But that occurred under the ownership of Hearst, of whom anything out of the ordinary may be expected.

As has been pointed out, a Darrow, viewed askance by one class of clients, is at liberty to find and serve others. The newspaper man in such case is in much the position a lawyer would be in if he were disbarred. The great workshops of presses, types, telegraphs, circulation systems, and other features of the organization that go to make up a newspaper are closed to him. He may write, but how can he publish? More important, he may write, but how can he sell his stuff and thereby live?

I who write this am an editor whose period of active service coincides almost exactly with that of Darrow. At one time—and that the crucial moment in his career—our political and social convictions were almost identical. He has grown more radical and could easily afford to; I have grown more conservative—I admit it ruefully to myself—under the persistent economic pressure of journalistic conditions. Among my fellows on the press I am looked upon as one whose lot has been easy, whose career has been influential, whose expressions have been radical, and whose present status is that of success. But when I look back on a life-time of repression I wonder that some American Freud has not turned his attention to the effect of systematic repression of honest thought upon what should be a great, liberal, and influential profession. Surely it is not only the suppressed libido that distorts and tortures the maturer years of man.

In the Driftway

THE season has come when the new college graduate goes forth and brandishes his diploma in search of a job. The Drifter is particularly interested in the case of a young friend who went to a city editor for reporting work. The editor was far from encouraging. He said: "You young college graduates think you have something to sell when you get out of college. You haven't. All you have is a darn good background that you can cash in on later."

* * * * *

NOW the Drifter thinks there is a great future in backgrounds. He himself believes that he has not cashed in on his own to the limit. For instance, he remembers having seen a picture in a magazine, advertising some comprehensive book of wisdom. A number of admiring men and women in evening clothes cluster around one earnest hero who has mastered the advertised book. The caption reads: "Listen to him! He is quoting Shelley now!" The Drifter, too, can quote Shelley when he is in the mood for cashing in. But the catch word in the caption is the word "now." The Drifter cannot quote in a hurry. He remembers a dinner where the conversation turned on burial urns, and he did not get launched on his favorite passage from the "Hydriotaphia" until the talk had wandered to immigration. However, perhaps it was just as well, as he found that he had forgotten the passage anyway.

* * * * *

BUT it may be that the Drifter misunderstands the city editor. Perhaps the man meant by "background" something more elusive than the ability to quote Shelley; even more elusive than the ability to quote Shelley *now*. Perhaps a very much younger friend of the Drifter's cashed in on her background when she misquoted those lines of Joyce Kilmer's:

> Poems are made by fools like me,
> But only God can make a tree.

On the young lady's lips the lines became:

> Poems are made by fools like me,
> But God can only make a tree.

* * * * *

AS a rule the Drifter discounts the boasting prophecies of our captains of industry. Mostly they are mere self-advertising or a lot of fiddle-faddle. But the words of the president of the Remington Arms Company the other day upon buying a slot-machine plant deserves more than passing notice. It was not improbable, he said, that a time would come when stores would be operated without a single clerk. The Remington company purposes to capitalize that possibility by making devices for the mechanical merchandising of various products. To the Drifter it looks like a good bet even if the company doesn't look forward precisely to beating its rifles into slot machines. Mechanical merchandising is now limited chiefly to the sale of chewing gum, bits of chocolate, and mouthfuls of peanuts at one cent. But why should it be? If small articles can be sold from slot machines at one cent, why not larger packages for a nickel, ten cents, and a quarter? At present slot machines are confined largely to railway stations and other quasi-public places, but there is no reason why they should not be introduced into stores. Automatic restaurants are considerably more complicated; yet they are apparently suc-

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cessful. The Drifter thinks the time is near when he will do much of his shopping in stores where there will be no employees unless possibly a money changer—establishments so dignified that chewing gum will be considered beneath exploitation except between the jaws of the aforesaid maker of change. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Sex Literature Continued

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I want to take a hand in this game because my friend McFee has lost his bearings. He is off his course.

Says he: "The fashionable craze for highly seasoned sex stories will pass and we shall have something else." My contention is that it is no craze, and men (women too) always have had a taste for what I want to call the erotic *pâté de foie gras*. And this taste has run side by side with the honest roast beef of adventure and romance and rascality literature. Only, by an illusion, the erotic stuff seems to be with us now as a new thing because it is advertised on the menu, whereas formerly every man with an appetite knew that it might be had and a wink sufficed to bring it to him.

True that Jane Austen and Dickens and Hawthorne and Thackeray did, in greater or less degree, ignore the more tumultuous passions in their books, but meanwhile there was a very lively call for Zola and Dumas Jr., and Paul de Kock in translations, to say nothing of the underground stuff. So there were two streams. The stream of rascal literature also flowed in lively manner, as witness Lytton with his seducers and coiners and highwaymen and murderers of the Eugene Aram type. Or what of Ainsworth with his high-spirited and splendid scoundrels? True, the rascal literature has nothing to do with the case, but I adduce it by way of showing that as popular taste is today, so it always was, and always shall be, world without end.

Coming down to more recent times, to a day when men read Ouida and Miss Braddon and Edward Bellamy and Howells and Henry James, none of whom produced very much of a thrill, we had Grant Allen who fluttered the dove-cotes somewhat, and still our Zola and de Maupassant. But there were other things for those tired of a prosaic world—the free-love propagandist sheet called the Word, the prosecution of a man named Moses Harmon, the very scandalous details of such trials as the Oscar Wilde case, the Dilke divorce suit, the Parnell-O'Shea affair, Stead's "Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon," the neo-Malthusians, and much more for the perverted imagination.

Or reach back. Sir Thomas Browne and Isaac Walton, so full of temperate refinement and charm of workmanship, did not crowd Aphra Behn off the literary stage. John Wilmot, second Earl of Rochester, also flourished in or about the same time.

Turn the whole thing another way so that you see the rough and tumble coarseness of Beaumont, and Massinger and Ford, and Fletcher, and the rest of the dramatic staggerers. "The coarseness of the Elizabethans" is how the professors of literature in little colleges apologize for all that robustiousness. But they and many others quite overlook the fact that at the same time there were Surrey and Wyatt and Spenser, and many others, whose sonnets and songs were full of chivalric gallantry and highminded felicity.

Finale: man's a creature of many tastes and at certain periods of life certain tastes predominate. His appetites have always made demands, and with the demand supply has come. The whole question under discussion is wrapped up in that. It is not a capricious public, but a many-minded, many-sided public that buys books. If the demand for erotic literature exceeds the demand for better stuff, it is because the number of readers who are of an age to enjoy the highly seasoned outnumber those who have ceased to be interested in that kind of thing. But the persistence of the sex novel is no new phenomenon. Neither is it symptomatic of an age of degenerate sons of worthier sires. CHARLES J. FINGER

Gayeta Lodge, near Fayetteville, Arkansas, July 23

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Most distinctions of masculine and feminine are irritatingly meaningless, and Mr. McFee's assertions that "the point of view of the modern 'important' novel like 'Ulysses' is feminine in its preoccupation with the nastiness of sex" is no exception. Even if it is true (and I can't see it) that "literature is becoming emasculated by being written mainly for women and largely by women," this truth does not apply to the sort of novel under discussion. The very sophisticated or decadent novels are being written mainly by men, and are written for a comparatively small group of "advanced" people, both male and female.

To an admirer of Mr. McFee's novels, one who has read them with great pleasure, and quite frankly gave up "Ulysses" in despair, this is a little too much. I had thought of Mr. McFee merely as a person, but I see that he is one of those He-men after all.

Wouldn't it be just too lovely if we could forget all this feminine this and masculine that, and find a couple of other terms when we want to point out a difference!

New York, July 20 MYRA MARINI

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I was very glad to see the letter of William McFee in your issue of July 20. It seemed to me a perfectly justified rebuke.

It has been disappointing to one of your well-wishers to find vulgar matter in your columns and advertisements from time to time. And to have you resent criticism of the stupid coarseness of recent novels is not worthy of the high purpose of *The Nation*.

Old Bennington, Vermont, July 19 MARY R. SANFORD

Another View of War Guilt

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In connection with Heinrich Kanner's letter, "Another View of War Guilt," in your issue of July 27, mentioning further documentary material on this question and calling attention to the *corpus delicti*— "the secret military convention signed between Germany and Austria-Hungary in 1909"— some of your readers may be interested in the further discussion of the subject by Dr. Kanner and Professor Fay in the *American Historical Review* (January 1927, pp. 317 ff; July, pp. 942 ff).

Boston, Massachusetts, July 23 HISTORICUS

"God's Trombones"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just been able to see *The Nation* for June 29 containing my review of James Weldon Johnson's "God's Trombones." Since I am advised that my review was run before the corrected proof reached your offices, I should like a note of errors and omission brought to your readers' attention. "Jamine" should be "jasmine" and "climacteric" should be "climactic." A brief paragraph should be inserted between the two present paragraphs to do Mr. Johnson justice: "The nativity of the poems has not been revealed by the external and borrowed device of dialect presented through typography. The diction is more structural, it is rhythmic. And rhythm, according to William Carlos Williams, is the poem. Again, this is an evidence of complete fusion."

Jamison, Pennsylvania, July 17 HARRY ALAN POTAMKIN

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Books

Aesthete

By HARRY ALAN POTAMKIN

He is poised a deft abstraction
On slender blades of grass,
His toes are a nimble dancer's
Holding the body's mass.

Yet he may touch his fingers
On the most transient wind,
Touch as intangible a murmur
As may disturb the mind.

And, though logic will debar him,
He can transform his curse
Into a lens whose power
Can glare the universe.

Adulterations and Quackeries

Your Money's Worth. A Study in the Waste of the Consumer's Dollar. By Stuart Chase and F. J. Schlink. The Macmillan Company. $2.

BIG BUSINESS is organized. Have you heard of the American Shovel Institute? The plebeian National Kraut Packers' Association? And the mellifluous Minced Razor Clam Packers? These are not fictional names. You will find them all in "Your Money's Worth," which tells a little of the life, work, ideals, and cooperative efforts of men bound together by a common understanding created by shovels, clams, or kraut. But, above all, do you know that pink salmon is sometimes white salmon artificially colored pink; that the discovered frauds on short measures of gasoline in Illinois in one year totaled 600,000; that 2½ cents worth of wheat at wholesale expands into puffed wheat selling for 68 cents retail; that the Society of Automotive Engineers have found a lubricator at 20 cents a gallon as good as that we buy for $1.35? My overcoats last about four years; in this book I learn of navy overcoats, built according to specifications, costing $75, and lasting ten years. If you ever buy a door-hinge remember that there is one made with a life of fifty years beyond the same-priced competitive article.

The evidence is irritating. I find that my office like many others pays $3.20 a gallon for material for mimeograph stencils and that the government standard tests describe an equally good material for five cents a gallon. Such exasperating evidence continues to pile up. I just threw away an old file—and then read in this book that second-hand files resharpened are 40 per cent better than new ones. To top it all, there is a special bit of information for the President of the United States—fish are color-blind!—and the colored flies displayed in sporting-goods stores every spring are sheer bunk.

No wonder the producers fool the public right and left. This thrilling volume of popular modern economics has no difficulty in proving the extent and ease of consumer deception. But the frauds are carried on not only by fly-by-night vendors and stores selling to transients. Here we read of the American Druggists Syndicate, Amory Browne and Company, the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company, the Royal Baking Powder Company, and other leaders in their lines, all accused by government agencies of unfair competition arising out of deception in descriptions of merchandise.

Does "Woolnap" contain any wool? Is "99 44/100 per cent pure" a guaranty or a slogan? How much cotton is on a spool? The tale of these frauds, even omitting the well-known medical quackeries, is exciting reading. You feel meek when you finish each chapter. What suckers we all are! "Your Money's Worth" establishes beyond much possibility of contradiction the fact that the public has no common, ready-at-hand standards for testing quality, utility, or in many cases even quantity of what it buys. Adulterations, misrepresentations, quackeries, and fanciful price acrobatics are the result.

The authors' thesis is that standards available to the public will create vast savings. They do not feel that any danger exists in overstandardization. And, finally, they argue "for more standards in certain things to the end that there may be less standards in general living." They present most effectively the case for more and better public standards; but I doubt if they have proved all of this last proposition.

We read that the government has actually over 11,000 detailed specifications for the articles it purchases, that the Federal Bureau of Standards saves the government no less than $100,000,000 a year. The General Motors Company does not buy trade names, we read, but only goods made up to their own specifications, tests, standards. Private laboratories are testing on a great scale for private companies. One State—that of North Dakota—is singled out for praise. It does not keep secret, as does, regrettably, the Bureau of Standards in Washington, the results of its work. The consumer can—and does—become informed through its service.

The authors feel that a long time must pass before the information as to ingredients and uses of articles, even of necessities, can be placed in the hands of consumers. Impartial laboratories may help; mail-order houses may in time be driven to the use of complete and honest descriptions in place of vague catch-alls; consumers may even be organized to protect the expenditure of their incomes. But as a member of the bar I have one qualm: I doubt if the authors realize the laggard state of the law. The courts for ages upheld the principle of caveat emptor, "let the buyer beware," as a decent principle of decent trading. Today this is considered disgraceful. The next development was evidenced in the passage of the Pure Food and Drug Act—"What you tell about an article for sale must be truthful." But even this act applies only to the bottle or package on sale. The advertisement can still be fraudulent and be safe from prosecution under the act. The period on which we are entering and for which the authors contend, is the one in which, if you describe part of the ingredients or characteristics of an article, you must tell all. This last stage of full disclosure is being delayed by nearly all merchants and opposed by nearly all judges and lawyers.

Messrs. Chase and Schlink have written a very enjoyable book, gathered an accumulation of winning evidence, and no doubt stirred up national thought so that even the courts—the last resort of musty thinking—may in time be influenced to protect consumers from false representations and to force sellers to sell by standards and truth rather than by trade names and slogans.

MORRIS L. ERNST

An African Pioneer

Trader Horn, Being the Life and Works of Alfred Aloysius Horn. Edited by Ethelreda Lewis, with a foreword by John Galsworthy. Simon and Schuster. $4.00.

IN Maine, in remote island villages where American maritime supremacy lingers undimmed in memory, one still finds old and gnarled men with the sea spirit and look, essentially like Trader Horn in Africa. Struggle with the elements and wandering in quest of world trade have marked these men with a wisdom and philosophy born of first-hand experience, sifted out of surface adventure. It is as if physical courage that

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faced and overcame naked danger fostered and nurtured in them the courage necessary to an untrammeled, straight-thinking mind.

"The Traders were the imperial breed," says Horn of the old Africa gone forever, and agreement is almost imperative. In jumbled, incoherent, rambling bits he recreates the rubber, ivory, and ebony trail through once unknown territory. Baboons, leopards, elephants, their haunts and hunts, are more vivid than the oft-told tales of contemporary big game hunters, but they are just so much filling for the book. So is the drawn-out love theme of the eerie Goddess Nina.

The value and beauty of the book lie in the innumerable true flashes of native lore, custom, and history, as in the tragic, meager portion about the Gold Coast slave trade; in the love and knowledge of nature, as in the pages devoted to the wondrous herb cures of the medicine men; and in the philosophy of Trader Horn himself.

For the latter especial credit is due Ethelreda Lewis, the unobtrusive editor of Trader Horn's reminiscences, for she has given us the man intact, his quaint personal flavor untouched. There is a rhythm and classical turn to his language, gently, haltingly paced, like a garrulous old man painfully digging down into an old store of memories. Some of it is tedious repetition, as an old man would repeat himself. All of it is simple and natural, and free of the slightest taint of literary self-consciousness.

Trader Horn is unique in that after half a century of trading in Africa he has not succumbed to a worship of White Man's Africa, as kings and lesser slaves of commerce have, but still holds to him his first unprejudiced respect for Black Africa.

"Africa, ma'am, as nature moulded it. And believe me, when man has destroyed nature, then it is his turn to go. Sure. The barren world will swallow him up. 'Tis a lucky thing the cannibal tribes have kept the elephants safe so long from these so-called big-game hunters. An equatorial gang of cut-throats, wasting wild life to make what they call a bag. While the cannibals are there, there'll be no lack of elephants. They never kill wanton. Only to eat. They'd never be so childish as these dukes and colonels who have to count the head they kill same as we counted our marbles in Lancashire. The cannibal lives as nature taught him—kill only to eat, keep your women moral, hold no man as slave, be content with your side o' the river, and cast no eyes across the river."

Trader Horn is an invaluable contribution not only to Africana, but to the field of illuminating biography.

REBECCA HOURWICH

A Journalist Looks Backward

Covering Washington. By J. Frederick Essary. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.

MR. ESSARY, the veteran correspondent in Washington of the Baltimore *Sun*, has given a misleading title to his eminently readable if discursive volume. It is really a book of personal recollections, coupled with many interesting historical facts. But it lacks form and a clear-cut conception of what the author intended to achieve. So we have all thrown together delightful anecdotes of public men; considerable information as to the way news is collected and relayed to the daily press; a compact history of the Supreme Court; a long and vigorous defense of President Wilson's attendance at the Peace Conference; an account of the author's long journeys with several Presidents; a chapter on the relation of the press to Congress, and then, in conclusion, a chapter devoted to the Gridiron Club, that amusing but exclusive newspaper club which excludes Jewish correspondents, limits itself to fifty members in a corps of more than five hundred, and devotes itself to elaborate dinner entertainments of public men.

To those in or out of the newspaper profession who are not familiar with life in Washington this volume will unquestionably be serviceable. But it is impossible to withhold a regret that so honest, able, and experienced a Washington correspondent as Mr. Essary should not have paid some attention to the vital problems involved in the Washington news situation. The relations of the press to our government are becoming yearly of greater and greater importance; we have seen there since the war a cowardly abasement of the press to authority and authority steadily seeking to control the press,—Mr. Coolidge, for example, through his fictitious "official spokesman" and his demand that all "loyal and patriotic" American newspapers shall support him in his foreign policies at all times—a preposterous and an utterly un-American position. No lay reader of Mr. Essary's book could guess that the Washington correspondent faces the gravest kind of problems of vital importance to every citizen. Plainly he did not intend to touch upon controversial matters, though he does make some valid criticisms of Congress. The more's the pity, for somebody must and he is well equipped in knowledge and experience to do so. Meanwhile it is only possible to repeat that the book is thoroughly entertaining, often instructive, and a worthwhile first reader in some of the things that go on in the nation's capital and capitol.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Marat the Radical

Jean Paul Marat, a Study in Radicalism. By Louis R. Gottschalk. Greenberg, Publisher. $3.

PASSIONS have so long clouded the study of Marat that it becomes a pleasant duty to record the exception to the rule in this suggestive work by Professor Gottschalk. In a short preface he states the goal of his endeavors—to treat Marat "without insistence upon abnormalities," "*nullo discrimine* and without undue emphasis" upon either his weak or his strong points. He suggests that success will have crowned his labors "if the reader finds, upon perusal of the following pages, that he cannot decide whether to admire or despise Marat." Now, prefaces have their use, especially for the reviewer. But I must confess that I found myself, long before I came to the last page, lost in intense admiration of Marat. Since the author never swerves from his scholarly objectivity, the fault must lie with Marat.

Suspicious by nature of everybody who disagreed with him, reserving honesty for his exclusive person, Marat was racked on the eve of the revolution by a mad resentment of his rivals, whose jealousy, he stoutly affirmed, had shut all doors to his scientific advancement. From his persecution complex he never recovers. He discovers Montesquieu, is raised to ecstatic heights by the natural-rights doctrines of Rousseau, and throws himself passionately into the revolutionary turmoil to retrieve his ebbing glory and to succor the people whom henceforth he will protect against their oppressors. The moderate bourgeois leaders plunge him into despair; he sees in them the agents of the counter-revolution. Not only in them, in Mirabeau also, in Barnave, in the King, in the Girondins. The accomplishments of the national assemblies are not revolutionary enough for him, the revolution is lost, the people are betrayed. He raves; tongue in cheek, he cries for the blood of a million traitors. He is condemned to prison, dives underground to escape, flees to England, returns with fresh hope, like a Bedouin chieftain organizes "razzias," and sighs for new suspects to convert to his revolutionary fervor. His mania grows upon him, and he cultivates his violent gestures and speech, his uncouth attire, his threats and his prophecies; for the people are not slow to appreciate his honest fury and he himself does not scruple over the choice of his weapons. At last, Reason be praised, the Girondins are crushed; and Marat breathes more easily in his tub, where, like an itching Diogenes, he sits now night and day. After Charlotte Cor-

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day's dagger, his apotheosis. The lowly, whom in his furious way he had loved and mistrusted, mourn for him and keep his memory green—for two years.

Professor Gottschalk's conception of Marat is fresh and arresting, and it is heartily welcome, despite its awkward phraseology, after the wearisome distortions of former biographers. One regrets that he has chosen to stagger under the traditional restrictions of erudite writing and carry his learning into every passage. One feels that he has made out a strong case for a distinction which apparently does not occur to him—that Marat was fundamentally at odds with them in his convictions and singularly unconcerned with the major premises of their democratic doctrine; that he was tending toward an ill-defined philosophical anarchism, precisely because the suspicious nature and the restless, popular sympathies of the Friend of the People made him distrust and fear *every* organization of the *political* means of seeking liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Hence his frantic palliatives of a dictatorship, a committee of government, a supreme administrative court, and a network of fraternal societies. Hence the mysterious solace that his gospel brings in each new generation to radicals of every hue.

LEO GERSHOY

The Great Illusion

The Public Mind. Its Disorders: Its Exploitation. By Norman Angell. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.

THE first part of this book is a selection from Mr. Angell's well-filled notebook of historical instances of the gross misuse of ideas. For our purposes they can be dated by reference to the World War and atrocities, the Venezuelan trouble under President Cleveland and Anglophobia, the Boer War, and the Crimean War. In retrospect they certainly are grotesque, and Mr. Angell points at them vigorously as examples of what not to do with ideas. The second part calls attention to stereotypes of more recent popularity: order, security, and revolution. Mexico and China are unfortunately omitted, probably because the book went to press before they were headlined; the idea is the same. The last part poses the old problem of democracy in the new dilemma of dictatorship or decay. Good intentions alone will not solve this. We must apply intelligence: research intelligence through fact-finding organizations, critical intelligence through logic. Education must be aimed in this direction, and then we shall know how to use political ideas.

This has been stated and criticized many times before. I should like to propose another development and function for political ideas, one suggested by the influence of Godwin's famous book, "Political Justice." It immediately inspired two great poets, Wordsworth and Shelley, to write good poetry. Some years later Gladstone, Disraeli, and Asquith read the poetry, and, having imagination, governed well. Of course there may be no connection—but, on the other hand, there may be. It may be that the butcher, the baker, the barber, and the Babbitt, who, according to Mr. Angell, are our present rulers in their spare time, would profit as Prime Ministers and Presidents have done on occasion from a non-moral love of unverified political ideas.

This suggests that there is another dimension of political ideas in the direction of imagination and speculation. In short, political ideas have an intellectual function in understanding and appreciation, and the ordinary member of society may have more use for ideas in seeing things straight than in setting them straight. Mr. Angell is thinking in this direction when he insists on intelligence, but he might go farther. If he did, the first thing he would have to do is to question the validity of his assumptions about the function of the Public Mind and the efficiencies of ideas. It might turn out that the Public Mind is itself the Great Illusion which he has been tracking down for so many years. Discovering this, he might write a better book than this one.

SCOTT BUCHANAN

In the Time of Aurangzeb

Travels in India. By Jean-Baptiste Tavernier, Baron of Aubonne. Translated by V. Ball. Second edition, edited by W. Crooke. Oxford University Press. Two volumes. $6.

DURING the time of the Moguls, a number of Frenchmen traveled through India, visited the princes, observed acutely, and on their return home published their observations. Of these, the best known are the physician Bernier and the jeweler Tavernier (dates probably 1605-1689), whose achievements won him the rank of "baron." Bernier, the better educated and more philosophical, has given us the more important account, Tavernier the more gossipy. Both are classics, and the Oxford Press was justified in reissuing the first a few years ago and the second now.

Tavernier was a man of little learning; it has even been questioned that he could write; but Dr. Ball's opinion is that he could and did, some of the observations having been composed shortly after the events they describe. But the memoirs as a whole were unwillingly arranged and edited by the contemporary historian and dramatist Chappuzeau at the command of the King, and to his own "'mortification if not martyrdom' for the space of a year, while exposed to the rough humor of Tavernier and the ridicule of his wife." This Tavernier was a man of considerable courage yet prudence. He would stand by his price for his jewels with the Indian potentates; he defied the Dutch in Batavia when they endeavored to take advantage of him. With a fine taste in wine, he always had it, even in the wildest spots when his followers in fear deserted him, and he used it to good result with petty princes and officers.

But the book is more than the revelation of an interesting personality; it is also a compendium of observations in India from about 1640 to 1667. Tavernier writes of commercial products and methods, social manners, political intrigue, the quarrels of individuals and of states, the rivalry between the European trade agencies. The high point is reached in November, 1665, when he was at the court of Aurangzeb and by command of the Emperor was allowed to see the royal jewels, including the celebrated Koh-i-Nur, which he weighed, sketched, and appraised. This jewel forms the subject of an interesting essay by Dr. Ball, who endeavors to trace its checkered history in India, Persia, and Afghanistan from that time until 1849, when, on the annexation of the Punjab, "the diamond was formally handed to the new Board of Governors at one of its earliest meetings—and it was then personally intrusted by his colleagues to the care of John Lawrence, afterward Lord Lawrence, who, on receiving it, placed the small tin box containing it in his waistcoat pocket and then forgot all about it till he was called upon to produce it six weeks later, in order that it might be sent to Her Majesty the Queen." The jewel is smaller now than it was in Aurangzeb's day, and Dr. Ball discusses this fact minutely.

W. NORMAN BROWN

Pragmatic Politics

The Science and Method of Politics. By G. E. G. Catlin. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

CONTEMPORARY history, says Professor Catlin, of the kind found in blue-books and technical investigations, and such earlier history as is pertinent to present-day problems, are the data of social science. Economics deals with the problems resulting from the relationship between men and things and from human relations arising therefrom. Political science deals with the problems of human relations resulting from the mastery of wills over, or collaboration with, other wills. The field of politics is concerned with the relationship of mastery and submission. Economics deals with the desire for wealth; political science, with the desire for power. Economics for the purpos

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of study has created the abstraction of the "economic man"; political science can likewise create the abstraction of the "political man." Just as economics has in the past century by abstraction, classification, and deduction become a science able to predict social phenomena, so by the same methods can political science become a science. As a pure science, political science is not concerned with purpose. The realm of ends belongs to ethics. In its method and moral neutrality political science is like engineering.

It is obvious that Professor Catlin's book is a treatise on the theory of method. It is, in intention, a *novum organum* of political science. The basic ideas are, as the author realizes, not novel. The idea that political science deals with the quest for power has been indicated by Machiavelli, Hobbes, and Spinoza, while the proposal for the application of the scientific method to politics is indeed a present-day commonplace. Yet the proposal of the desire for power as the basis of scientific politics, the comprehensive manner with which this suggestion is elaborated, and the acute comparison between the methods of politics and those of economics make Professor Catlin's book a stimulating work.

However, a recognition of the basic merits of the book does not involve an agreement with the views offered. Indeed, in certain respects, Professor Catlin's views are questionable.

Again Professor Catlin's thesis is particularly inadequate because he fails to appreciate the role of purpose in social activity. The investigator in physics may be expected to be less decidedly biased than the student of economics and political science, "Nihil umani nobis alienum." Hence only on simple, matter-of-fact, and relatively technical questions may the judgment of the expert be objective. Thus, for example, Professor Catlin is not correct when he considers the classical economics as the model of objective science, for its conclusions, as Hobson and Veblen pointed out, assumed the unscientific notion that they are in accord with a beneficent *ordre naturel*. A host of writers from Hall, Gray, Thompson, and Hodgkin to Sidney Webb and R. H. Tawney have refused to accept them, for they questioned their presuppositions—private ownership of the means of production, profit-making as the motive, and competition and autocracy as the method. In fact, the classical economics was not objective science, but, in the ultimate, an apology for a class. To take more concrete instances, the findings of experts as to why voters do not vote will be more objective than their findings as to the methods of making voters vote intelligently. Investigation of the means of safeguarding dangerous machinery will be more subject to objective analysis than an examination of copartnership as a solution of industrial discontent, for the very existence of copartnership between owners and workers may be in itself an issue. On the more complex question we get not science but pragmatism, not idle curiosity but a conflict of purposes.

LEWIS ROCKOW

The Biography of a Character

The Life, Character, and Influence of Desiderius Erasmus of Rotterdam. By Joseph Mangan. The Macmillan Company. Two volumes. $10.

"A GREAT scholar but a weak character"—such has been the traditional judgment of Erasmus by both Catholic and Protestant historians, from Peter Canisius down to relatively modern times. Such, too, is the verdict of his latest biographer, expressed with an uncompromising force hitherto almost unequaled. It is certainly not a new interpretation of his character, nor have Dr. Mangan's researches brought to light any new points that will be of interest to the Erasmian scholar.

Erasmus's fate at the hands of a biased posterity has been as hard as undeserved. He was neither Protestant nor, in the stricter sense, Catholic, though leaving himself open to the charge of supporting and betraying both sides. In an age of religious partisans he strove for a reasonable Christianity, a position which few contemporary or later writers could understand. He was inspired by the pathetic faith in human reason characteristic of an age of awakening knowledge, and he hoped for reform by the peaceful agency of enlightenment. The reform he sought was to be undogmatic, at once spiritual and ethical—and, above all, reasonable. The first step in such a reform, he believed, must be the revival of the wisdom of the ancient world, both pagan and Christian. With this in mind, he dedicated his life to the restoration and careful study of the classical and scriptural texts and the works of those fathers, especially Jerome, whose comments on the New Testament were most valuable. At the same time, he directed the full force of his sane and piercing satire against those abuses in church and state that obstructed the practical growth of spiritual reform. In so doing, he undoubtedly prepared the way for the Lutheran Reformation. Moreover, he gave encouragement to the early stages of that vigorous friar's protests against manifest abuses and did everything in his power to protect him from their mutual enemies. Soon, however, he perceived that Luther was as dogmatic as his opponents. He realized that the reformer's action was breaking up the unity of the Christian church, which he regarded as essential to the fulfilment of his own plans. By diplomatic appeals to the leaders of both sides he strove to bring about a reconciliation that would restore the *status quo*, but the current of passion was too strong for him to stem. He remained within the Catholic church because, with all its faults, it was still the nearest approach to his ideal of a universal church.

Dr. Mangan has missed completely this predominating purpose in the life and thought of Erasmus. Lacking the key to the great humanist's program, he has returned to the traditional interpretation. This interpretation is understandable enough. Erasmus attacked first the Catholic church, then Luther. He encouraged Luther, then deserted him. The obvious answer to the problem raised by this course of action is weakness of character and moral cowardice and Dr. Mangan's whole book is a persistent effort to show these traits in his subject.

Dr. Mangan's work would possess more validity were it not for his almost total lack of historical perspective, his very evident bias, and his neglect of the more modern scholarly work on the subject, the use of which would have saved him from error in more than one instance.

W. K. FERGUSON

Books in Brief

The Dictionary of Canadian Biography. Compiled by W. Stewart Wallace. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. $12.50.

Mr. Wallace's book is in brief form on the lines of the "Dictionary of National Biography." It does not include living persons. The notices are necessarily short, but they have the valuable feature of reference to detailed sources of information. Canadian biography carries us back to France as well as to England, to Richelieu and Montcalm as well as to Charles I and Wolfe. This work is indispensable for anyone interested in Canada.

Dialogues. By Denis Diderot. Translated by Francis Birrell. Brentano's. $4.

This first handsomely printed volume of the Broadway Library of Eighteenth-Century French Literature promises well for the series. Sir Edmund Gosse contributes a general introduction and Francis Birrell, the translator, a particular one to the life and works of Diderot. To select from the eighteen volumes of Diderot's writings 196 pages to give to the general reader "some idea of Diderot's attitude toward life" really presents less difficulty than may be imagined. For his writings have about as much philosophical variety as a syllogism. If you like

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D'Alembert's "Dream" you will also relish "On Woman." The "Supplement to the Voyage of Bougainville," "Regrets for an Old Dressing-Gown," and "Conversations of a Philosopher With the Maréchale de ——" complete this volume. D'Alembert's "Dream" holds most interest to the student of eighteenth-century thought; the four other selections will appeal strongly to the lover of good writing. Mr. Birrell has amply redeemed his primary purpose in making these translations, viz., "to give pleasure," for he has indeed carried over into them the intimacy and the frankness as well as the wit and the robustness of the originals.

The Civil War and Readjustment in Kentucky. By Ellis Merton Coulter. The University of North Carolina Press. $3.60.

Professor Coulter has contrived to give to his book an interest and readableness rare in historical monographs. For the former quality he has, of course, mainly the subject itself to thank. Kentucky had a unique experience in the decade or more that began with 1861. It had embraced without reservation the doctrine of State rights, sincerely believing that the right of independent judgment which it claimed for a State could be exercised without impinging upon the sovereign rights of the Union. In conformity with its faith, it refused Lincoln's first call for troops, but its position between the North and the South bound it economically to both, and for a time it essayed the impossible role of a neutral. Neither side, however, respected its neutrality, and after a brief period of struggle the State passed under Union control. How thin a veneer its unionism really was appeared in the vote of the State for McClellan in 1864, in the failure of the draft, and in the rejection of the Thirteenth Amendment abolishing slavery. Thereafter, the process of readjustment was a dismal story of federal incompetence and irritation, and of the effort of the people to recover control of their political life. Professor Coulter's narrative, needless to say, is thoroughly documented, and there are some valuable maps.

The Magic of Herbs: A Modern Book of Secrets. By Mrs. C. F. Leyel. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

The Four Greater Cold Seeds of the seventeenth century were cucumbers, gourds, melons, and cittals; and the Four Lesser Cold Seeds were endive, succory, purslane, and lettuce—which would seem to indicate that if our great-grandparents had never heard of vitamins A and B, they knew almost as much of the virtue of green vegetables as we. We may have done well to neglect frogs and to give up the flesh of vipers (which Mme de Sevigné thought so healthful), but we have lost by passing from herbs to coal-oil cosmetics, and the belles of Venice were as particular in their perfume as any modern aesthete. Perhaps they needed them more. At any rate, Mrs. Leyel has garnered from Rome, Greece, China, Arabia, France, and old England a set of old recipes for cough cures, perfumes, poisons, cordials, opiates, embalming fluids, and love philters to fascinate any experimental mind.

Eight Bells. Sailors' Snug Harbor Yarns and Ballads. By Frank Waters. D. Appleton and Company. $2.

This is the kind of yarns that old salts like to tell and do tell when half a dozen of them get together on a cold night in a well-warmed room, make the air murky with the breath from their corncob pipes, and begin to reminisce. Such stories are usually of the amusing and more or less true exploits of some shipmate, embellished with the art of a raconteur sufficiently skilled in dialect and intonation to give them verisimilitude. Generally they cannot be transferred to the formal and impersonal printed page without serious loss to the flavor of the cargo. In this case the fact that the author's narrative has been printed apparently with all the original slips in grammar and eccentricities in capitalization seems to assist in preserving the illusion. At least the volume is an authentic contribution to a kind of sea lore which there will soon be no more shellbacks to pass on.

The Evolution of Charles Darwin. By George A. Dorsey. Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.

A sympathetic and highly laudatory life. The title chosen by Dr. Dorsey is a catchy one, but unfortunately means nothing. He has only recorded the obvious biographical facts. The most interesting features of Darwin's life remain for a future historian. What role did his father play in his life? What was the neurosis which made him a valetudinarian for forty years? Surely, a gigantic genius such as Darwin would repay the efforts of the interpretative biographer.

The Tired Child. By Max Seham and Grete Seham. J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.

Fatigue is of necessity not a lively subject. But a book dealing with the tired child and the evils of chronic weariness should be valuable. Unfortunately the authors, dyed-in-the-wool academicians, thorough, painstaking, and possessed of subject matter that is a genuine contribution to child psychology, hold forth in their best class-room manner.

Terry's Guide to Cuba. By T. Philip Terry. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

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International Relations Section

Price-Fixing in Queensland

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

WHATEVER overwhelming disaster they may hold in store for the people of the United States, public ownership and price-fixing have been more than ordinarily successful in bringing prosperity, equality, and general happiness to the people of the State of Queensland, Australia. Never before has individual prosperity, as opposed to class prosperity, been so widespread; never before have wages been so high; never before have wages so far outdistanced the cost of living; never before have the people of this Australian State participated to such a great extent in the affairs of their government.

It was just twelve years ago that Queensland, after many years of conservative, if not reactionary, rule by the Nationalist (Tory) Party, turned to the left by accepting a Labor Government with its untested schemes for State ownership and control of public utilities and essential industries and its program of price- and wage-fixing. The Labor people frankly admitted that their platform was based almost wholly on theoretical principles. The Tories, on the other hand, were almost frantic in predicting that dire calamity would befall Queensland if it accepted Labor rule, that the wheels of industry would cease to revolve, that grass would grow over the streets, and that Queensland would become a deserted State. Yet Queensland chose Labor, and so successful has that party's program been that Labor has been retained in power ever since, while people's ownership and price-fixing have emerged from the experimental stage and now appear to be permanently established.

These more or less socialistic principles, according to John C. Valentine, member of the Queensland Parliament, who recently came to the United States on an industrial-survey mission, have been productive of none of the disaster and calamity so gloomily pictured by the Tories. Indeed, quite to the contrary, they have increased bank assets, bank deposits, bank investments, dairying production, agricultural production, the output of industry, total wealth, individual income and population; they have given Queensland an increasingly favorable trade balance; they have created an unprecedented building boom; they have reduced unemployment as well as the number of bankruptcies.

Profiteering, exploitation of the people for the benefit of a limited class, as well as combinations in restraint of trade, have been the principal targets of the Labor Government, Mr. Valentine has stated. Wherever these have been found the State has stepped in; either by setting up competing organizations within the industries or by taking over the industries themselves. Following this program the State now operates railways, the water system, the educational system, governmental fire, accident, life and workers' compensation insurance, produce agencies, cattle and sheep stations, coal mines, sawmills, canneries, railroad-station refreshment rooms, sugar-mills, a hotel in the sugar-producing district, fisheries and retail fish markets, butcher shops, wireless broadcasting stations, and is engaged in numerous other, though minor, activities. The State also operates a Public Curator's Office, where citizens may receive free legal advice, have their wills and similar papers of importance drawn up, have their estates managed, and be provided with counsel when charged with criminal offences.

Under this program the total annual wealth in the State increased from £38,342,000 in 1914 to £66,945,000 in 1924, the last year for which authentic figures are available, or more than 75 per cent. In the same period general bank deposits climbed 70 per cent and savings bank deposits almost 90 per cent. Savings bank deposits for the last ten years of Tory rule totaled £68,916,000 and for the first ten years of Labor rule £179,802,000. At the same time the number of savings-bank depositors grew from 229,000 in 1914 to 397,000 in 1925, so that now virtually half of Queensland's 880,000 of population have savings accounts.

The value of the principal crops jumped more than 250 per cent, being £5,679,000 in 1914 and £13,992,000 in 1924. Dairy products doubled in value and the income of the wool-growers increased two and a half times. At the same time the capital value of farm lands increased from £44,482,000 to £51,858,000. Other industries were by no means slighted in the distribution of this prosperity. Their output was measured at £25,491,000 twelve years ago and at £38,867,000 in 1924. The value of the capital invested in machinery, buildings and land and the salaries and wages paid showed a proportionate gain, while the value of the output per employee jumped from £589 to £865. Meanwhile unemployment in all classes of industry fell off from 17.7 per cent of the available labor in 1914 to 6.55 per cent in 1925. These latter figures appear even more remarkable when it is noted that there is a constant stream of unemployed workers pouring into Queensland from neighboring and less favored States.

But the brightest spot in the entire situation is the improvement in the condition of the workers. A living wage is virtually guaranteed under the Industrial Arbitration Act, which is administered in conjunction with the office of the Price-Fixing Commissioner. First, the Price-Fixing Commissioner, being empowered to examine into all costs of production, sets the maximum prices at which all foods, some staples, and some articles of clothing may be sold in various sections of the State. Very stiff penalties attend violations of his rulings. With this data at hand, the administrators of the Industrial Arbitration Act are able to determine the monetary requirements of the workers and fix wages accordingly. Not only has unemployment been cut down in Queensland, but under this system wages for men have been increased in the last twelve years from 53 shillings to 99, and wages for women from 27 to 52.* The hours of labor have also been reduced under this law so that now the men average 43.88 hours weekly and the female workers 44 hours. But more important, perhaps, has been the elimination or reduction of lost time through the peaceful settlement of labor disputes under the Industrial Arbitration Act. In Queensland, for example, only 485,171 working days were lost in the six years from 1920 to 1925 as opposed to 1,225,262 days in Victoria and 3,858,433 in New South Wales.

The working people have benefited in other ways under the Labor Government. In the last ten years of rule

* In all the figures here given it is to be recalled that during the period under review both wages and prices increased greatly throughout the world.—EDITOR, *The Nation*.

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by the Tories only £4,652,000 was expended on public-school education, while in the first decade under Labor rule the schools received £11,784,000. The number of scholarships in the higher institutions available for the children of the workers has been increased from 1,488 in 1914 to 13,611 today. The State also provides free textbooks and £4 annually for the incidental expenses of each school-child whose family has an average income. These families likewise may purchase State-built homes by paying a 5 per cent deposit on the building cost. They are allowed twenty-five years to pay off the balance. Moreover, the State retail shops have enabled the ordinary people to buy fish, meats, and produce at reduced prices, it being estimated that the State butcheries alone have saved the people £3,500,000 in the last ten years.

The Labor leaders, Davey Bowman, T. J. Ryan, E. J. Theodore, and now Premier McCormick, have toiled long and hard to keep their party free from corruption so that it may continue to devote itself to the best interests of the people who have put and are keeping it in power. All Labor Party candidates are carefully investigated, not only as to their party fealty, but also as to their personal character and technical fitness for office, and those found wanting are barred. The Labor leaders likewise have sought political reforms which would preserve for the people the right to control their government, the most prominent reform in this direction being the abolition of the upper house of parliament, which they consider a vestige of the days when the existence of a ruling class was recognized. Now that equality has been established only one legislative body is needed.

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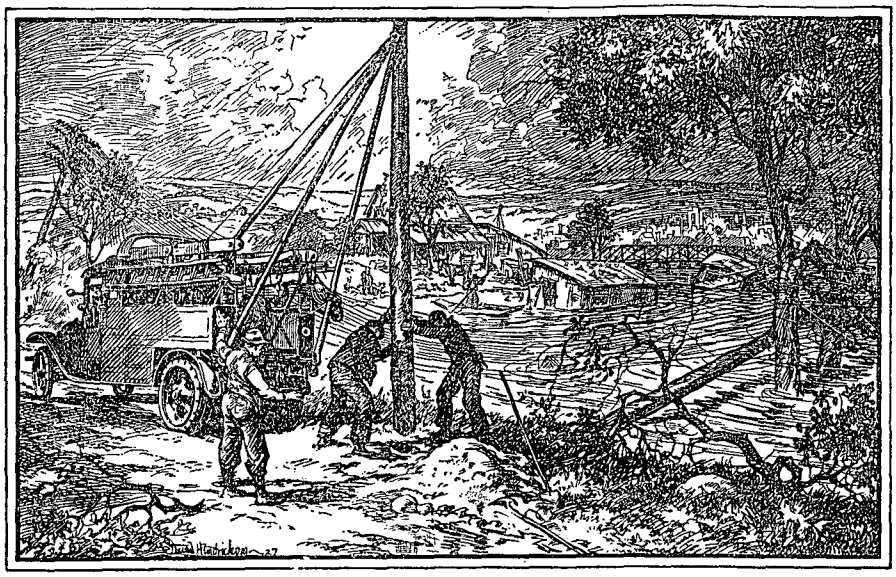

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